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MOZART'S SON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The *Revue et Gazette des Théâtres* says that inquiries set on foot by the committee of dramatic authors, and encouraged by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, have led to the discovery of the son of Mozart, who is living in a poor way at Milan. A remittance has been made to him of the sum apportioned as the author's share of the profits of some recent performances of the *Nozze di Figaro*.

I am sure I need not say one word upon the subject to you after drawing your attention to the above paragraph. I feel assured that your ever generous and eloquent pen will at once respond to the feeling, and urge the necessity of relief, and for something to be done by this great nation, which has as much, if not more, than any other country (Germany not excepted) revelled in the great works of the incomparable Mozart.

I am, peculiarly speaking, a poor musician, but, on a committee being appointed or a subscription being formed, I shall have great pleasure in sending a contribution, and remain, with much respect, your obedient servant,

MUSICUS.

POPULAR MUSIC IN LONDON.*

Journal d'un Voyage à Londres, par M. de Rodenburg.

(Translated from *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

THE fashionable world of London, and, consequently, of the entire United Kingdom, delights in every kind of music, except that of the future. It is enthusiastically fond of Piccolomini and Johanna Wagner; it admires equally Mozart and Meyerbeer, Spohr and Verdi. There is not in London any musical institution of a definite character. In the first portion of his Surrey Garden Concerts, Jullien executed a symphony of Beethoven, and, in the second, the *Taking of Sebastopol*, a composition of his own, with an accompaniment of a running fire of musketry, rockets, and mortars.

When persons speak of music in London, no allusion is ever made to the people; and yet it is among the lower classes that the musical instinct is manifested in its most original form; it is among them, and not in the "high life," that you find truly national music. The Penny Concerts at Hungerford Market with the shrill voices of the solo-singers and their monotonous glees—four-part choruses of men and boys—are below mediocrity. The concerts of M. Jones, at Martin's Hall,* are still worse. Music there is so employed for the interest of party; you hear socialist *Lieder*, on this chief of the Chartists, sung by hoarse voices, accompanied on a discordant piano, and applauded by the horny hands of workmen. Under the words of each speech you perceive the announcement of the *Journal des Travailleurs*—the *Peoples' Paper*. As an interlude, M. Jones makes a speech of three quarters of an hour in duration; "on the augmentation of working men's salaries."

Neither is the music of the popular theatres calculated to awaken the sense of the beautiful or to chasten the taste. In the orchestra of the *Saddler's-well*, the best of establishments of this kind, there is no oboe or horn; the reader may judge what the rest must be. Nor can much good be said of the bands of wandering musicians, who appear daily in the streets with such regularity, that you may tell by them what o'clock it is; the *virtuosi* of whom these bands consist are mostly Germans, worthy individuals, no doubt, but their instruments, rusted and bent† by rain, wind, and fog, mar the beauty of their performances.

If you wish to become acquainted with the music of the

* For the benefit of our readers, and in order that they may appreciate M. Duesberg's deep knowledge of the English idiom, as well as his profound acquaintance with our musical taste, we give the various proper names and specimens of our language in which he indulges, exactly as he writes them.—*Translator*.

† Why "bent (*tordus*) by rain," &c.? Is this, perhaps, an example of the fondness twentieth-rate French authors have for using words worse than meaningless, in the position they occupy?—*Translator*.

people of London, go and listen to the barrel-organs and the bagpipes, the harps with an *obligato* violin accompaniment, and the flutes, to be heard at the corner of every street. You will soon be convinced that the popular music of London employs means which are far from complicate; stereotyped, so to say, by the barrel-organs, it even loses one of the essential elements of art, namely mobility. On the whole, music here loses equally all artistic interest; it no longer possesses aught but an interest purely natural.

In that quarter of the capital circumscribed by the immense arc described by Oxford-street and Regent-street, the two fashionable streets of London, and not far from Haymarket, and Leicester-square, is a well of narrow, dirty streets, the Seven-Dials. This denomination is given to the streets, seven in number, which stretch from a circular place, where, many years ago, when the aristocracy still resided in these regions, there was a clock with seven dials—one dial for each street. It is in the smoky garrets of this neighbourhood that the national *Lieder* of London are manufactured; the authors of the words compose the music as well. These persons are paid in copper money;* their goods are measured by the yard; this is literally true.† The printers and publishers of these *Lieder* also inhabit the muddy courts and lanes of the Seven Dials, their articles appear in flying sheets, which are sold near the squares and at the corners of the streets. Of most of them, it may be said: "*autant en emporte le vent*;" out of several thousands, popular caprice adopts half a dozen, which become the popular songs of London.

These are the airs which, from the morning till very late in the evening, are played on the barrel-organ, the harp, and the flute; which are scraped, hummed, and whistled in every street, and which, at last, become so fearfully impressed on the memory, that you cannot get rid of them.

But they are not long confined to the people and the streets. The first persons to seize on and transform them into polkas, waltzes, &c., are the directors of Holborn Casino and Argyle Rooms; from the lips of the beauties who inhabit Mary-le-bone they pass to all the furnished apartments of the capital. After this they fall into the domain of the professional singers! *Evans-Supper-Rooms* introduce them to the public, who introduce them to the clubs; hence the songs reach the theatres, rising from that of Adelphi to Drury Lane,‡ and shortly afterwards, you will not find a music-publisher of the capital, who has not got an arrangement of the *new and favourite song*; there is no longer a piano on which they are not strummed. Whence come the *favourite songs*? No one knows, but every one plays and sings them. Such is the *genesis* of popular music in London; it is by this path it ascends from the depths of the Seven Dials to the highest classes.¶

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR MUSICAL COLLECTORS.—The library of the late M. Fischhoff is announced for sale at Vienna. It contains more than 100,000 musical compositions and musical treatises, together with rare manuscripts and autographs of Bach, Salieri, and Haydn.

* Was this before threepenny and fourpenny pieces were coined, and has the introduction of a small silver currency had any effect on the ancient custom?—*Translator*.

† Why is the truthfulness of this assertion so emphatically and exceptionally asserted? Are we to suppose the rest of this admirable notice not equally veracious?—*Translator*.

‡ Why always *Lieder*?—*Translator*.

§ Are we to understand "they,"—*Qy.* the directors "of Holborn Casino and Argyle Rooms, or the songs"—never penetrate private residences?—*Translator*.

¶ We can fancy Mr. Benjamin Webster exclaiming: "*Merci du peu*."—*Translator*.

¶ There is one fact which, we think, must have struck our readers. It is that while the clever, well-informed author of the above admirable and truthful description is rather peculiar in his omission of the definite article in such phrases as "not far from Haymarket," "the directors of Holborn Casino," etc., he is all right when speaking of "the Seven Dials." Is this perhaps, the result of his more intimate acquaintance with that celebrated locality?—*Translator*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 455.)

TALKING of the "Marsellaise," puts me in mind of something comical. When I first arrived in New York, "The Bay of Biscay" was a favourite song at private meetings of "*Glorious Apollers*;" but as the original tune was not known, it was invariably sung to that of the "Marsellaise," the words being dovetailed into the melody with an ingenuity worthy a better cause. Just try it, dear reader, and the refrain, or chorus, will amuse you.

"There she lay, there she lay, a-all that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, oh!"

Having got our pianoforte here, and finished our concerts, the next thing to be considered, was what to do with it; since lugging that weight up the mountains, would have been much too serious a matter. But our doubts were soon solved, for a lady (the wife of a lawyer) who solaced her leisure hours by taking in washing at six dollars a dozen, had a great fancy for it, and, out of her little savings, paid us six hundred dollars for its possession; and there she was in her nice little cabin, with the piano taking up half the room, the wash-tubs all about her, and a savoury odour of yellow soap-suds impregnating the surrounding atmosphere. That woman was a pattern to her sex; she had come to the mountains to help her husband, and, like a thrifty housewife, did her best, not only to add to the general store, but to make his home happy and his heart light, by the exercise of an accomplishment he loved her to practise. So don't sneer at my little laundress, ye delicate damsels. She was "every inch a lady," and ennobled her calling.

We now had to depart on our way back, and took a different road from that we came by, and the first day made twenty-four miles, arriving at Bogardus' Junction Branch, as it is termed, where our sleeping apartment was under cover. But as the log walls had never been filled up with mud or plaster, if it had not been for the honour of the thing we might as well have been in the open air. I was several times awakened by lizards running over my face, their icy cold bodies and little tickling feet producing a most horrible sensation.

I had now become so accustomed to sleep in the open air, that when we again arrived at Marysville I could not bear the confined atmosphere of a bed-room, and used to haul out my cot and sleep in the balcony. The sensation has never left me. I still sleep, winter and summer, with my room window open, and am confident that this practice is a great conservator of health. We witnessed a most lovely sight when upon the summit of one of the interior mountains. The atmosphere was of exceeding clearness; below us in wild luxuriance were masses of pines; below them appeared the arid prairie, which seemed like an immense lake; and far away, in a blue haze, were the mountains of the coast range, in a triangular gap of which could be seen the waters of the mighty Pacific, its colour an inky black. Some idea of the extreme lucidity of the air may be conceived when I inform the reader that our mountain point of view was at least seventy-five miles from the ocean. In due time we arrived at Marysville, steamed down the river to Sacramento, and thence to San Francisco, which really seemed like getting back to the world again. Even in this short time the city had improved greatly, many more families had arrived, and business of every description was thriving.

We this time succeeded in obtaining the Jenny Lind Theatre, a handsome building of stone brought from Sydney, Australia. Here we gave twelve concerts with excellent success, and I was enabled to add materially to the band, as several capital musicians had arrived. Our next destination was to be Stockton and the southern mines; but as all mining towns are much alike, I will not bore the reader with a twice-told tale, simply stating that we were successful in every respect, and that the Count only lost his trunk three times during the whole tour—a very great improvement, which made me begin to have some hopes of him.

But our excursions into the agricultural portions of the State demand more than a passing notice, inasmuch as there is mixed

up with the thriving modern farmer, with his reaping and thrashing machines, a large number of the original proprietors of the soil, who never till the land, but are great breeders of cattle and "mighty hunters." Lazy and ignorant though they be, there is still an air of picturesqueness about these that gives a charm even to their vagabondism; and one of my yearly excursions used to be to the Jesuit College of Santa Clara, where my hospitable reception by the president, the good Father Nobili (since deceased I grieve to say) will always make the Vesta of Santa Clara a white day in my calendar. Santa Clara is the patroness (in copartnership with San Francisco d'Assis) of California; and all the natives, both of pure Castilian blood and the mongrel mixture of Mexican and Indian, hold her Vesta-day in great reverence, and from far and near assemble at the old Mission to do it honour. A gay and motley troop they are, the Caballeros, with their velvet jackets and open trowsers—or Calzoleros, striped with gold lace, with hanging gold and silver buttons, gaily sashed, and with a broad Vienna hat, a silver serpent twined around it, mounted on their wild mustangs, looking the very perfection of gentlemanlike blackguards. The ladies, too, in white and embroidered muslins, marvellously flounced, with their little feet and continuations delicately encased in open work stockings (don't be alarmed, madam, no scandal is intended) and pink or blue satin slippers, with the ugly Mexican reboso swaddling their pretty heads up like dingy blue jack-towels, are a sight well worth travelling to see.

The morning arrives, and countless numbers make their appearance from the various ranches, bringing all the children with them, in bullock-carts without springs, the wheels of solid wood *wabbling* and squeaking upon the wooden axle (ungreased) like a chorus of bag-pipers, while the cart is covered with arched boughs of trees. The human freight is soon deposited at the Mission, and the church, which is very large, though not so picturesque as that at the Mission Dolores, is soon filled with simple worshippers, who squat on the floor during the infliction of a high mass and two sermons, one in English, the other in Spanish, with exemplary patience—a virtue that does not seem to be shared by the juvenile branches, for no chorus of frogs, from the time of Aristophanes, downwards, ever kicked up such a bobbery as these extremely young Christians, who, if the maternal fountain ceases to flow for an instant, make their wants known with extreme pertinacity. The religious portion of the day's services being concluded, the afternoon is devoted to equestrian exercises, in which these people excel. One favourite feat is that of placing upon the ground silver coins (a quarter of a dollar) at distances of fifty yards; the horseman then makes a detour, and, while at full gallop, throws himself from the saddle, suspended by one arm at the pomel, and one heel upon the machera, or leather housing at the side of the horse, and picking up each coin severally, recovers his seat with the greatest ease and gracefulness.

Another great source of amusement is that of riding up sideways, and endeavouring to unhorse each other. This rather rough play always creates great amusement. Before Father Nobili undertook the charge of the college, there used to be bull fights by the natives; but the worthy man abhorred such cruelty, and although he at first met with great opposition from those who looked upon their national sport with tender recollections, he conquered, and the barbarous practice was effectually checked. The evening of course closes with fandangoes, which are kept up till "daylight doth appear," and although the men get excited by liquor and dancing, this fête is seldom disturbed by quarrels, all tumbling homewards fast asleep in the carts to wait for another holiday. Between Santa Clara and the Puebla (or town) of San José is a beautiful walk, or Alameda, as it is termed, of three miles in length, planted by the early fathers with trees which overarch the road with their leafy screens. The city of San José is built in the centre of the great valley of the same name—a plain well irrigated of about eighty miles in length, by thirty in breadth, and one of the richest grain-growing districts in the world, the yield of wheat and barley being incredible. It also possesses Artesian wells of immense volume and purity. Twelve miles to the south are the quick-

silver mines of New Almaden, which also contains a delicious spring of seltzer water, a most healthy and delicious beverage—particularly when qualified with a little *aqua mirabilis*, as John Reeve used to term it. Here nature again has been bounteous; quicksilver is needed to procure the gold dust, and these mines produce sufficient metal to supply the whole world, if fully worked.

In a totally different direction lie other great valleys, Napa and Sonoma, at which latter place I made my *debut* as a sign painter, and I have no doubt that my handiwork of "CONCERT HALL" still ornaments the front of the old Mexican barracks, in which our concerts were given. We here received a great deal of courteous attention from Don Mariano Vallejo. (There's a pretty name, Miss Pimini, try and pronounce it, do.) This gentleman, a large landowner, early espoused the American side, having sufficient common sense to know that the development of the country's riches, by a vigorous race, would materially enhance his own wealth; while his brother Salvador adhered to the other side of the question; so that in case of accidents they had two strings to their bows. These valleys are rich in mineral springs, possessing warm sulphur, cold sulphur, iodine, soda, and geysers, rivalling (although in miniature) those of Iceland. Around the edges of these boiling springs are collected beautiful flowers of sulphur of the greatest purity. With such natural advantages, I am surprised that there is not a greater emigration from Scotland hither. With the superabundance of their favourite detergent, the memory of the "Great Duke of Argyll" would soon cease to be blessed.

(To be continued.)

A STONE THROWN AT MENDELSSOHN*

(FROM BEHIND A WALL.)

ARRIVING one fine day, at noon, last summer, in Cette, I saw a procession pass along the quay, before which spreads the Mediterranean sea; and never shall I forget that sight. In front marched the brotherhoods in their red, white, and black attire; the penitents with their cowls drawn over their heads, in which were two holes through which the eyes looked spectrally; in their hands burning wax-lights or banners of the cross. Then came the different orders of monks. Also a crowd of laity, women and men, pale, broken forms, devoutly staggering along, with a touching, sorrowful sing-song. I had often met such in my childhood on the Rhine, and I cannot deny, that those tones awakened in me a certain sadness, a sort of home-sickness. But what I never had seen before, and what seemed to be a Spanish custom, was the troop of children who represented the Passion. A little fellow, costumed in the way the Saviour is usually depicted, the crown of thorns upon his head, whose fine golden hair flowed down mournfully long in waves, came panting along, bent under the load of an immense great wooden cross; upon his forehead were brightly painted drops of blood, and marks of wounds upon his hands and naked feet. At his side walked a little girl clad all in black, who, as the Mother of Sorrows, bore several swords with gilded handles on her breast, and seemed almost dissolved in tears—an image of the deepest affliction. Other little boys, who walked behind, represented the Apostles, and among them Judas, with red hair and a purse in his hand. A couple of little fellows, too, were helmeted and clad in armour like Roman lancers, and swung their sabres. Several children bore the habits of religious orders and church ornaments: little Capuchins, little Jesuits, little bishops with mitre and crooked staff, the cunningest and dearest little nuns, certainly not one of them over six years old. And strange to say, there were among them also some children dressed as Amorettes, with silken wings and golden quivers; and immediately about the little Saviour tottered two much smaller ones, at the most four-year-old little creatures, in the old Frankish shepherd's garb, with little ribboned hats and staffs, dainty things to kiss, as march-paane dolls; they represented probably the shepherds, who stood at the manger of the Christ-child. But would any

one believe it, that this spectacle excited in the soul of the beholder the most seriously devout feelings; and the effect was all the more touching, that it was little innocent children who were enacting the tragedy of the grandest, most colossal martyrdom! This was no aping of the matter in historic grandiose style, no wry-mouthed pietistic mummery, no Berlin make-believe of faith: this was the most *naïve* expression of the profoundest thought; and the condescending child-like form was just what saved the sense of the symbol from operating with an annihilating power upon our mind, or from annihilating itself. That sense, indeed, is so immensely mournful and sublime, that it exceeds and overleaps the most heroic-grandiose and most pathetically exalted mode of representation. Hence the greatest artists, both in painting and in music, have thrown the charm of as many flowers as possible over the exceeding terrors of the Passion, and mitigated its bloody earnestness by playful tenderness—and this is what Rossini did when he composed his *Stabat Mater*.

The *Stabat* of Rossini was the notable event of the past season; talk about it is still the order of the day, and even the strictures passed on the great master, from the North German point of view, attest quite strikingly the originality and depth of his genius. The treatment is too secular, too sensual, too frivolous for the spiritual subject; it is too light, too agreeable, too entertaining,—such are the comments groaned out by certain heavy, tedious critics, who, if they do not purposely affect an exceeding spirituality, yet certainly torment themselves with very narrow and erroneous notions about sacred music. With musicians, as with painters, there prevails a totally false view about the treatment of Christian subjects.

The latter believe, that the truly Christian must be represented in subtle, meagre contours, as lean and colourless as possible; the drawings of Overbeck are their ideals in this respect. To refute this delusion by substantial fact, I simply call attention to the pictures of saints of the Spanish school; here fulness of colour and of contour predominate; and yet no one will deny, that these Spanish pictures breathe the most undiluted Christianity, and their creators certainly were not less drunk with faith, than the famed masters who, in Rome, have gone over to Catholicism, in order that they may be able to paint with more immediate fervour. It is not this outward aridness and paleness that is the sign of the truly Christian in art; but it is a certain inward exaltation which cannot be got by baptism nor by study, whether in music or in painting; and so I find the *Stabat* of Rossini really more Christian than the *Paulus*, the oratorio of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, which is held up by the opponents of Rossini as a model of true Christian art.

Heaven forbid, that I should say this to disparage so meritorious a master as the composer of the *Paulus*; and least of all could it enter the head of the writer of these pages, to pick flaws in the Christianity of that oratorio, because Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born a Jew. But I cannot help alluding to the fact, that at the age when Herr Mendelssohn commenced Christianity in Berlin (he was first baptized in his thirteenth year), Rossini had already left it and had plunged completely into the worldliness of operatic music. Now, when he has abandoned this again and dreamed himself back into the Catholic recollections of his childhood, into the times when he sang as choir boy in the cathedral at Pesaro, or served as acolyte at mass—now, when the old organ tones again thrill in his memory, and he has seized the pen to write a *Stabat Mater*: now he does not need to first construct the spirit of Christianity by any scientific process, still less to be a slavish copier of Handel or Sebastian Bach; he only needs to call up once more from his soul those earliest sounds of childhood, and wonderful indeed! these tones, with all their earnestness and depth of sorrow, powerfully as they sob forth and bleed forth the intensest anguish, yet retain something child-like in their expression, and remind me of the representation of the Passion by children, which I saw at Cette.

Nay, I involuntarily thought of this little pious mummery, when I heard the performance of Rossini's *Stabat* for the first time; the sublime, prodigious martyrdom was here represented, but in the most *naïve* tones of childhood; the fearful plaints of the *Mater dolorosa* resounded, but as if out of an innocent little

* "Henri Heine about Music and Musicians. No. 1. Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Paris, middle of April, 1842." Translated for Dwight's *Boston Journal of Music*.

maiden's throat; along with crape of blackest mourning rustled the wings of all the Amorettes of loveliness; the horrors of the crucifixion were mitigated as it were by toying pastoral play; and the feeling of infinity breathed over and encompassed all, like the blue heavens, that shone down upon the procession of Cetto; like the blue sea, along whose shore it moved on singing and resounding! Such is the perpetual graciousness of Rossini, his indestructible mildness, which no *impresario* and no music-dealer could seriously disturb or even cloud. Whatever mean and base tricks may have been played him in his life, we find no trace of gall in any of his musical productions. Like that spring of Arethusa, which preserved its original sweetness, although it had passed through the bitter waters of the sea, so, too, Rossini's heart kept its melodious loveliness and sweetness, although it had drunk pretty deeply out of all the wormwood cups of this world.

As I have said, the *Stabat* of the great *maestro* was this year the prominent musical event. About the first execution, which set the tone for all the rest, I need not speak; enough, that the Italians sang. The hall of the Italian Opera seemed the forecourt of heaven; there sobbed holy nightingales and flowed the fashionableness tears. The journal *La France Musicale*, too, in its concerts, gave the greatest part of the *Stabat*, and, of course, with immense acceptance. In these concerts we heard also the *Paulus* of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who, by this very proximity, claimed our attention and of himself provoked comparison with Rossini. With the mass of the public this comparison was by no means advantageous to our young countryman; it was like comparing the Apennines of Italy with the Tempelower mountain near Berlin. But the Tempelower mountain has its merits none the less, and it wins the respect of the multitude by the fact that it has a cross upon its summit. "Under this sign thou shalt conquer." Surely not in France, the land of infidelity, where Herr Mendelssohn has always made *fiasco*. He was the sacrificed lamb of the season, while Rossini was the musical lion, whose sweet roar still resounds. It is said here, that Herr Felix Mendelssohn will come to Paris in these days. So much is certain; by much expenditure and diplomatic labours, M. Léon Pillet has got so far as to order a *libretto* to be prepared by Scribe, which Herr Mendelssohn is to compose for the Grand-Opéra. Will our young countryman come out successful from this task? I know not. His artistic gift is great; yet it has very considerable gaps and limits. I find in respect of talent a great resemblance between Herr Felix Mendelssohn and Madlle. Rachel Felix, the tragic artist. Peculiar to them both is a great, severe, most serious earnestness; a decided, almost importunate, leaning upon classic models; the finest and most intellectual calculation, sharpness of understanding, and finally an entire want of *naïveté*. But is there such a thing in Art as genial originality without *naïveté*? The case has never yet occurred.

VIVIER.—This hornist and humourist was lately invited by the French Emperor to a *soirée intime* at Plombières, and, among other distinctions, had the honour of being accompanied by the Princess Maria of Baden and the Duchess of Montrose.

ART IN PARIS.—From a Correspondent.—The new number of the bi-monthly periodical, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, is out, and the opening article is from the pen of a high official here in the department of the fine arts, being the conservator of the national prints and engravings—Vicomte Delaborde. He demolishes, in first-rate style, the Pre-Raphaelites and Ruskinners, and passing from Pietro Perugino to his immortal scholar, he stamps the seal of authenticity on the *Apollon* and *Marsyas* picture now in Paris, his recognition of the master's touch being in perfect accord with all the leading *cognoscenti* of this metropolis. There is scarce a doubt now but that this masterpiece of Raphael will enrich the Louvre gallery, and pass from the custody of Morris Moore; its exaltation synchronizing with the retirement by vote of the German traveller, whom Herr von Waagen introduced to the purchase department of our gallery, and whose purchases are before the public.—*Globe*—Paris, July 20.

A FAINT IDEA OF MR. E. T. SMITH'S SPEECH.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Permit me to thank you for your kind reception, and for your presence here this evening. I will only detain you by saying a few words. In engaging the *artistes* who have appeared before you in Italian Opera, I sincerely trust I have given you satisfaction, and furnished amusement to the working-classes of the community. I hope they appreciate the exertions of one who does all in his power to place before them, at people's prices, musical performances of a high character. I have produced in this theatre thirteen operas in ten weeks, and though I have not been able to present you with a band and chorus as complete as I could wish, owing to their engagements elsewhere, I hope you believe with me, they have also done their best. I need hardly say the production of so many operas has occupied the time of all to whom I am equally indebted, particularly to my friend Mr. Stirling, the stage manager, who has scarcely left the theatre day or night. My worthy good little friend, "Bucky," at the Haymarket, the other evening, alluded to the solvency of three London managers—himself, and those of the Adelphi and Olympic, and expressed his astonishment and doubt whether London could support three Italian operas. Ladies and Gentlemen, I do not know why you should not enjoy an opera at a low figure, if it will answer my purpose; or, why should I not ask you to come, if, for one shilling, you can hear the same *artistes* which elsewhere cost you a guinea. I feel greatly indebted to the press for the position in which they have placed me by their remarks; but there are one or two remarks which have been made, which, in passing, I may notice. One kind critic said, Signor Naudin's voice was used up; another, that Badiali could not now sing, and that Fumagalli's voice was gone from age, she being exactly twenty-four years old. In presenting to you the operatic performances I have done, I have not had a subscription list headed by Lord Tom Noddy—(loud laughter)—but you have a subscription list, supported by yourselves, and capable of sustaining one who has worked for what he has obtained. I shall always, ladies and gentlemen feel indebted to the middle classes, who have flocked to this great theatre, to hear strains which not only improve the mind, but inspire the soul with feeling and good taste. (Applause.) Having had sufficient Italian music, on the 13th of September, ladies and gentlemen, you will have your own countrymen here, the Harrison and Pyne Company. (Much applause.) They will also appear at Christmas, in conjunction with the new pantomime, and will present you with a new English opera of high character. After that, from the patronage I have already received, and promises made by influential persons, you shall again have Italian opera, of a high class, at 1s. and 1s. 6d., equal to what you must pay a guinea to hear elsewhere. Rest assured, anything suggested to me by my kind friends here, I will endeavour to give effect to and carry out; feeling deeply indebted to every one for their kind patronage, which it will be my aim and study to deserve."

The above is only a faint idea of Mr. E. T. Smith's speech—the idea of a penny-a-liner, not of a short-hand writer.—*Ed.*

MR. SMITH BEHIND THE SCENES.

After the speech, behind the scenes, an equally gratifying demonstration took place, the manager receiving from the hands of Mr. Edward Stirling, on behalf of the operatic members of the establishment, a handsome and costly testimonial, in the form of a massive silver inkstand. Mr. Stirling said:—

"My dear Mr. Smith, we have all long known you, and deeply respected you: it is now six years since our connection here commenced, and glad I am at being commissioned by the present company to present you with this small testimonial of respect and good feeling. You must not estimate it by its intrinsic value, but accept it as a mark of your own worth, for we all feel you are worthy of all the success you meet with, as a man and as a manager. We, therefore, request your acceptance of this small token of regard. We were puzzled to know in what shape to present to you, but, knowing the frequency and speed with which you write both cheques and orders, we thought its present shape would be one most likely to bring us constantly before your remembrance."

Mr. Smith, returning thanks, hoped he had always done his duty to his company, and that, before long, they would all meet again under similar pleasant circumstances.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. Benedict's festival concert on Friday last was, notwithstanding the wet weather, so successful as to induce the directors to arrange for a second performance, on Friday, the 30th.

THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE.

(From the Era.)

BENEATH the stone, in a sealed bottle and tin case, the usual memorials were deposited, all most carefully collected by the evergreen John Gallott, who numbers thirty-eight years of Adelphi celebrity. These consisted of coins of the reigns of George the Third, George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Victoria, a bill of the last night's performance in the "old house," and a paper bearing the following inscription, in the handwriting of Mr. Webster:—

"NEW
ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.
THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW THEATRE
was laid by
BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Esq., Sole Proprietor.
Date, Thursday, July 15, 1858.

B. WEBSTER.

And God speed the building."

An unusual memento also finds its way into the same receptacle, in the shape of a pair of spectacles, which were sacrificed by Mr. T. Ireland, the superintendent of the properties. At first we took this to be an offering to Fortune; but Fortune is blind, and has no use for spectacles. We heard afterwards that they were intended to help Mr. Webster to see his way to prosperity. At the moment of lowering the stone, the inspiring notes of the "Highland Bugle March" sounded from a neighbouring building. These we found were blown by Mr. John Edwards, the Adelphi hall-keeper, an old Guardsman, who, at Waterloo, when he was a mere boy, sounded the final charge for the Guards to "up and at 'em;" and the bugle was the very instrument which, on that glorious day, rang out its call over the Belgian battle field, as is attested by the following inscription engraved on a piece of brass attached to it:—

"On this bugle was sounded the call for the decisive charge of the Life Guards at the battle of Waterloo, by J. Edwards, who was field trumpeter to Lord Edward Somerset on that ever memorable day. J. E. served his country for thirty-two years, in the reigns of three kings and her present Majesty. J. E. was discharged from the 1st Life Guards in the year 1841, while serving under the command of Colonel Cavendish."

We are informed that the new theatre will be completed by the end of September, and that it will be a model of comfort and convenience. The establishment will be twice the size of that which has just disappeared. A great deal of attention has been paid to the construction of Her Majesty's box, and to all the minor details, in which our theatres as they now exist, are sadly deficient, but which, in the aggregate, are of so much importance to a miscellaneous audience. There will be two tiers of boxes, and the prices of admission will be—Stalls, 5s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 1s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 1s.; and Gallery, 6d.

VIENNA.—The Italian opera closed with an *olla podrida*, made of fragments from the *Barbiere*, the *Italiana in Algeri* and the *Trovatore*. The most conspicuous among the artists were Madame Charton-Demeur and Signor Debassini. The lady especially distinguished herself by her brilliant singing in Rossini's opera.

NEW YORK.—There is a plan on foot to furnish New York with what it sadly needs, a first-class music hall. The plan is thus described: "A number of capitalists have secured fifteen lots of ground fronting on West Fourteenth-street, and of sufficient depth to admit of a large structure. On these lots will be erected during the present summer a magnificent Concert Hall, capable of seating 8,000 persons, and opening on extensive conservatories, thereby affording promenade accommodation for 8,000 more. Located in one of the healthiest and breeziest streets of the city, and with nothing to interfere with a perfect system of ventilation, the hall will be delightfully cool in summer, and when the frost comes and external nature is nipped and bare, it will afford all the pleasures of a winter garden, with blooming flowers and budding exotics to relieve the eye, instead of straight lines to weary it."—*Dwight's Journal of Music*.

A TRUE ANECDOTE FROM THE LIFE OF LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN.

(Translated from the *Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.)

IN the year 1825, a well-known artist, who was also a dilettante in musical composition, published a small volume of waltzes. Each was expressly composed for the occasion by one of the most popular and celebrated composers of the day, since nobody refused his contribution to the editor, who wished to pay a curative trip to Carlsbad with the proceeds. The book met with an extraordinary success and rapid sale. Suddenly the editor hit upon the notion of soliciting a contribution from the great Louis van Beethoven, with whom he had formerly been acquainted, through his grandfather and father. With the noblest and most affectionate readiness, the great composer promised compliance with his petitioner's wish, and gave him not only a waltz, but (he, the incomparable) a trio into the bargain. He told the gentleman to come for the work, which would be finished in about four weeks. As, however, the gentleman fell ill, he was unable to go, and obliged to renounce so interesting a visit. He begged, therefore, his mother to fetch the work, and express his thanks.

But the housekeeper, to whom the lady gave her name, would not admit her, saying her master was again very cracked that day. As, at this moment, Beethoven put his head out of the door, she pushed the lady into a dark room, with the words: "Hide yourself, for there is no speaking to him to-day." The lady consequently left without executing her commission.

A day or two afterwards, Beethoven sent the waltz to the gentleman's house, with the following note, the authenticity of which is beyond a doubt, as the original is now laying before us:—

"DEAR SIR,—Through the stupidity of my housekeeper, your mother was sent away, without my being told a word of her visit.

"I have severely censured her unbecoming conduct, in not introducing your mother into my room; the boorishness and coarseness of these people, whom I am unfortunate enough to have around me, are known to every one. I beg your pardon.

Your most obedient servant,

"LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN."

Poor, feeling man, who, in addition to the colossal misfortune (doubly terrible to such a composer) of being deprived of the sense of hearing, was compelled to suffer the torture, which eat into his very soul, of passing among such persons his existence, saddened, moreover, by other heart-depressing family matters, which were communicated by Beethoven himself—who desired and asked for sympathy—to the writer.

MEYERBEER is at present drinking the waters of Schwalbach (Jenny Lind's favourite waters), near Wisbaden.

CRITICISM AT ST. LOUIS.—"THALBERG AND VIEUXTEMPS.—These distinguished individuals are now in Nashville, giving high-pressure concerts and selling tickets, when convenient, at two dollars a-piece. A stage-load and a half, or two stage loads of ladies and gentlemen, went down from this place to hear them. Thalberg, is said to be death, in its most horrid shape, on the piano, and it is probably true; while Vieuxtemps is represented as a fiddler of considerable skill, considering his opportunities, which he no doubt is. We haven't heard either of them since they were quite small; and unless they come out here and reduce the price of tickets to their value—say about sixty-two and-a-half cents per dozen—it is possible that we shan't hear them any more. When we ride forty miles, at an expense of at least ten dollars, extras not included, to hear a couple of itinerant Dutchmen torture a brace of unoffending instruments into fits, until the very spirit of music howls in sympathy, if somebody will have the kindness to cave in our head with a brick-bat, we'll feel greatly obliged to him. But seriously, Thalberg and Vieuxtemps have never done us any harm that we know of, and we don't suppose they intend to. We wouldn't much mind hearing their music, for no doubt it is very nearly, if not quite, as good, as that of the common run of Dutchmen, which, as the latter will tell you, is saying a good deal."—*Columbia Mirror*, June 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—REDUCED PRICES.—Titiens, Albani, and Piccolomini; Belletti, Benvenuto, Violetti, Rossi, Aldighieri, and Giuglini. Divertissement:—Madlle. Boschetti.

Performances will be continued during the week. On Tuesday, July 27; Thursday, July 29; Friday, July 30; Saturday, July 31.

On Tuesday, July 27, will be repeated IL TROVATORE. Leonora, Madlle. Titiens; Azucena, Madame Albani; and Manrico, Signor Giuglini. And a Divertissement, in which Madlle. Boschetti will appear.

Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d. Boxes: Grand Tier, £3 3s.; One Pair, £2 12s. 6d.; Pit Tier, £2 2s.; Two Pair, £1 5s.; Three Pair, 15s. Gallery Boxes, 10s. 6d. Pit, 3s. 6d. Gallery Stalls, 3s. 6d. Gallery, 2s. May be had at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the new Farce, entitled DYING FOR LOVE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, July 24, the performance will commence with A HANDSOME HUSBAND. After which GOING TO THE BAD. To conclude with THE WANDERING MINSTREL. Commence at half-past 7.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Crowded houses—unparalleled success. Engagement of the unrivalled artistes of the Adelphi Company, including, Mr. B. Webster, Madame Celeste, Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Mary Keeley, for six nights more. On Monday, and during the week, the performances will commence with the popular drama of THE GREEN BUSHES, in which Madame Celeste and the Adelphi favourites will appear. To conclude with the last new drama of OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID, in which Mr. Benjamin Webster and Madame Celeste will perform. Notwithstanding the great outlay attending the engagement of the above popular artistes, there will be no advance in the prices. In consequence of the crowded state of the theatre, all overflow tickets will be admitted on any evening during the week.

AL GIORNALE DI LONDRA THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

(From "L'Armonia"—giornale non politico—Firenze—15 Luglio, 1858.)

Ci ha recato non poco stupore di leggere nel No. 27 del suddetto accreditatissimo giornale (del 3 Luglio 1858) un articolo intitolato Rossini's William Tell, dato come suo da un tale francese Durillon D'Engelure; laddove è la traduzione del l'articolo Il Guglielmo Tell di Rossini del nostro collaboratore A. B. inserito nel No. 8 dell'Armonia (del 28 Aprile, 1858).

Attendiamo dalla lealtà della Direzione del Musical World una rettificazione.

—LA DIREZIONE.

[No doubt our esteemed contributor, M. Durillon D'Engelure, will afford the necessary explanation.—Ed. M. W.]

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24TH, 1858.

WHAT a pity the late Balzac was not a Prussian, or a Westphalian, or at least a Hamburger! His *Scenes of Life in Berlin* would have been his master-piece. No writer, "son" or "stranger," has done justice to that metropolis of petty cliques and rivalries, of jealous bankers, court-virtuosi and parasitical pick-thank pedagogues, of prattling virgins and intriguing demireps; no one can do justice to it, now that Balzac has departed—unless, perhaps, the author of *Vanity Fair* and the *Book of Snobs* would undertake the task.

There was never, perhaps, a big city so little as the city of Berlin. The most out-of-the-way provincial town, where every one knows what every one does, from the parson to the apothecary, from the mayor to the undertaker, and draws his own deductions, is not so rife with tittle-tattle, scandal and cabal as the capital on the Spree. Since the time of that ruthless warrior and crafty politician, Frederic "the Great," Berlin has maintained its character. Indeed it is worse now than when Voltaire

quizzed the aggressive monarch and his docile subjects, from the snug retreat at Potsdam. Had Voltaire been a *cumini* sector, like Balzac, a rare treatise on the "*mœurs*" of the Berliners would have been planned at Sans Souci, completed in Paris, and published under the name of "Curé Meslier," or "Abbé Dubœuf." Unhappily, Voltaire just stopped short of that, being as much of a cynic as a wit. So that *Berlin et les Berlinois* is a yet unwritten book.

What most concerns our readers and ourselves, however, is musical Berlin; and, as it turns out, that is an epitome of the rest. For the last half century (ever since the birth of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy) the "divine art" in Prussia has been rather the cause of secret animosities than the rallying point of friendly communion. House against house, has been the rule—coterie against coterie. Spontini, when conductor of the Royal Opera, had enough on his hands and to spare. A great intriguer himself, he was the centre of intrigues without number. Spontini was jealous of Rossini in Berlin, just as Paer was jealous of Rossini in Paris. The "Swan of Pesaro" was lucky enough never to be tempted to the Prussian metropolis, and thus escaped a world of annoyance; for though Rossini covets the *dolce far niente*, and affects indifference about his own reputation, he inwardly cares for the last quite as much as he outwardly courts the first. But Rossini is a very subtle diplomatist. He studiously keeps clear of factions and cabals, and through this prudent reserve, contrives to bring the partisans of either party to his feet. For example, no one has been so large a gainer by the artistic feud between the houses of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer as Rossini. While the parasites of the Mendelssohns were abusing Meyerbeer, and the parasites of the Meyerbeers undermining (or endeavouring to undermine) the reputation of Mendelssohn, both were abject in their flattery of Rossini. Meanwhile, the knowing Pesaronian saw nothing, said nothing, did nothing, and held his own. Folding his arms, he looked on tranquilly, and laughed in both his sleeves.

Among those who, at one time, worshipped variously at the shrines of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, and afterwards turned against both, was the poet Heine, a man of wonderful gifts and wonderful impudence, witty ("*spirituel*," is better) and unprincipled in an equal measure. On some particular occasion, Heine was snubbed by one of the Mendelssohns*—perhaps by the impetuous Felix himself, who, though, when a young man, generally discreet enough to avoid making enemies, could not, in his heart, have esteemed the character of Heine, however he may have admired his genius. From that moment the Jew poet and satirist never lost an opportunity of sneering at the Jew musician. As a specimen of Heine's mode of attack, we have printed, in another column, the first of a series of papers (translated for *Dwight's Journal of Music*), under the head of *Heinrich Heine on Music and Musicians*.

It will be observed that Rossini is the pretext for letting down Mendelssohn, just as Rossini is invariably the shield behind which the most desperate thrusts are made at Meyerbeer. Nothing can be more ingenious, nothing more charmingly written; and to those unacquainted with the *Stabat Mater* and *St. Paul*, or unable to appreciate the difference between them, the whole essay will have an air of gospel-truth that admits of no denial. One thing, nevertheless, will be missed, and that is the "*naïveté*," which Heine

* To Heine's subsequent hatred of Meyerbeer, and his manner of exhibiting it, we may allude in a future number.

rightly considers an essential attribute of genius, and of which, by the way, Mendelssohn possessed about as large a share as any composer since Mozart and Haydn. The sly Rossini, after reading (if he ever read) the comparison between his own *Stabat* and the oratorio of his "North-German" contemporary, would know, as well as Heine himself, to estimate it at its proper worth.

"North-German criticism," indeed! We have too much of it now, and it is a pity that Heine did not live long enough to be snubbed by Dr. Marx. We should then have had something amusing about that very ingenious gentleman, who, impelled by the remembrance of a personal pique, with which the world has nothing whatever to do (the world caring nothing about Dr. Marx), is incessantly hammering at the pedestal upon which, years since, he helped to raise Mendelssohn, and from which he vainly strives to displace him. If Heine had known music sufficiently to entertain any genuine opinions on the subject, if he had not been compelled to live from hand to mouth, if the tone of his musical criticisms had not entirely depended upon the pecuniary difficulties which weighed him down and led him to prostitute his brilliant pen, he might have done good service; he might have cleansed the Augean stables of Berlin musical politics, have routed the sophists, and put to flight the "*Zukunft*." Against such a man the "North German" philosophers, who write so much about music without understanding it, would have had no more chance than the Jesuit "*Pères*" against the author of *Candide*. But it so happened that Heine, who promised better things at the outset, degenerated into a man of coteries and circles; and this without the excuse of one-eyed enthusiasm, which makes its victims detract from the merits of all but their own pet-idols (a malady rather to be compassionated than despised). At first the flatterer, then the vituperator, of Meyerbeer, now the friend now the enemy of Mendelssohn, Heine, from a firmly-rooted oak, mocking the tempest, was metamorphosed into a weathercock, swayed by every breeze. His susceptibility was deeper than his sense of right, his egotism far surpassed his love of truth. Thus ripe for a new and unworthy mission, he abused his splendid talents; and later, when his profligate habits had brought with them the inevitable consequences, he became a parasite and a borrower, repaying those with withering contumely who were tired of constantly obliging him.

The paper we have transferred from the pages of Mr. Dwight, and which we have rechristened *A Stone thrown at Mendelssohn from behind a Wall*, diverting as it is, and sparkling with the brightest fancies, came from the worst part of Heine's nature. It was the offspring of an ancient spite at Berlin—not a manly declaration of opinion on the merits of two musical composers and two musical works. It could not be the latter, since Heine was entirely ignorant of music. It was, therefore, a deliberate attempt to lower, in the estimation of the world, a man not less his superior in sincerity of purpose and nobility of mind than in genius. Little harm was done, however, by the squib, although it may have caused some of the Berlin geese to cackle, and the Jesuits in various parts to stroke their chins. Mendelssohn outlived it, just as *St. Paul* will outlive the *Stabat Mater*.

When reading Heine's poetry, and admiring, as we read, the wit and imagination of the poet, his fine perception and his trenchant irony, it is impossible not to lament that such a mind should have been perverted. Banished voluntarily from the land of his birth, he only revisits to sneer at

it; and insults the Rhine with as much complacency as he ridicules a dish of sour-kraut and sausages—the same bitterness peeping out from the false *bonhomie* with which he rails at both. He makes the venerable stream, on whose banks he had passed his childhood, exult in its degradation at the hands of the French, and mocks it with feigned expressions of consolation. Not a touch of patriotism ever escapes his pen. But worse than all, this hardened cynic, recalling, as if with a sudden religious impulse, a representation of the Passion, by children, on the shores of the Mediterranean, enlists the impressions he commemorates with such apparent earnestness, as arguments in support of a falsehood. If Heine was no more sincere at Cette, watching with interest the Roman Catholic ceremony, than at Paris, when he wrote the comparison between Mendelssohn and Rossini as church composers, he must be pitied. And yet it is difficult to believe that even Heine would put the memory of such an hour as that, when the heart within him throbbed for once at least with a pure and holy sympathy, to any such uses as the alternative would imply. We are therefore constrained to believe, that in both instances he was entertaining his readers at his own expense, and at the sacrifice of truth—which, for all we know, may be "*naïveté*," but so far as our intelligence will allow us to fathom it, is impiety.

WHEN the ball at the Greenwich Observatory, and the ball at the Telegraphic Office in the Strand, fell on Wednesday last, thereby indicating the hour of one P.M., the world had heard nothing of Mr. Henry Dodd. But before any clock in London had sounded the hour of two, the name of Mr. Henry Dodd went through the land as a dulcet sound. All the world, in short, became a "Musical World," and the name of Mr. Henry Dodd was the principal leader.

Several days previously an announcement had appeared in the papers, mysteriously informing the members of the theatrical profession (and everybody else) that a gentleman had placed at their disposal five acres of land, beautifully situated, with no other condition than that they should, on the then coming Wednesday, July 21st, give evidence of their desire to provide a home for those actors and actresses who were no longer able to provide for themselves, and whose aching limbs and wearied minds had earned the reward proposed for them. The name of the unexpected benefactor was kept back, in conformity with his own request, but he declared, through the medium of his solicitor, that he only waited an appointment of trustees, to make an unconditional conveyance of the land.

The theatrical profession read all this with a sort of puzzled admiration, and possibly would have thought the announcement a hoax, had it not been authenticated by such an indubitable set of names. About the following gentlemen there could be no mistake:—

Messrs. J. W. Anson,
J. B. Buckstone,
W. Creswick,
W. Cullenford,
T. J. Jerwood,
Robert Keeley,

Messrs. G. A. Macphail,
Frank Matthews,
John Reddiah,
William Willott,
Benjamin Webster.

A provisional committee, of which Mr. B. Webster is chairman, Mr. R. Keeley, deputy-chairman, Mr. J. B. Buckstone, treasurer, Mr. Macphail, honorary solicitor, and Mr. W. Cullenford, honorary secretary, could not be suspected of launching a humbug. Mr. Anson, it should be observed, though his vocation is simply that of low comedian

at Astley's, holds an eminent position among his brother-actors as the secretary of the Dramatic and Equestrian Fund.

As Wednesday approached, the little knot of eleven provisional committeemen received constant accessions, and the report that was laid before the meeting was decorated with the following additional names:—

Sir George Armitage Bart.
J. R. Anderson, Esq.
Andrew Arcedeckne, Esq.
Sir William de Bathe, Bart.
Colonel Henry de Bathe.
Robert Bell, Esq.
M. W. Balfe, Esq.
Thomas Bacon, Esq.
George Bartley, Esq.
Willert Beale, Esq.
W. R. Beverly, Esq.
J. Brady, Esq., M.P.
W. Bennett, Esq.
A. Billings, Esq.
B. Bond Cabbell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.
George Cattermole, Esq.
M. Costa, Esq.
A. W. Commerell, Esq.
Wilkie Collins, Esq.
Thomas Creswick, Esq., R.A.
John Cooper, Esq.
William Cooke, Esq.
T. P. Cooke, Esq.
Peter Cunningham, Esq., F.S.A.
Charles Dickens, Esq.
John C. Dean, Esq.
Augustus Egg, Esq., R.A.
Charles Farley, Esq.
Thomas Grieve, Esq.
John P. Harley, Esq.

H. C. Ibbetson, Esq.
Edmund Johnson, Esq., M.D.
Charles Kean, Esq., F.S.A.
Benjamin Lumley, Esq.
Signor Mario.
Charles Manby, Esq., F.R.S.
Rev. Edward Moore.
John Mitchell, Esq.
Drinkwater Meadows, Esq.
J. B. Planché, Esq.
Samuel Phelps, Esq.
Charles Reade, Esq.
G. R. Rowe, Esq., M.D.
David Roberts, Esq., R.A.
James Robins, Esq.
Robert Roxby, Esq.
J. Sims Reeves, Esq.
Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A.
William R. Sams, Esq.
Albert Smith, Esq.
E. T. Smith, Esq.
Thomas Spinks, Esq., D.C.L.
Barry Sullivan, Esq.
Sir Chas. Taylor, Bart.
Right Hon. Lord Tenterden.
W. M. Thackeray, Esq.
Z. Watkins, Esq.
Barney Williams, Esq.
Alfred Wigan, Esq.

A goodly assemblage, in truth; and since the publication of the report, it has been still further increased.

Moreover, the report stated that Mr. Charles Kean had given the use of his theatre for the purpose of the proposed meeting, had consented to act as president, and had promised his liberal support.

Naturally enough, therefore, on Wednesday last, there was such a thronging, and a pushing, and a driving, at the doors of the Princess's Theatre, as had never before been seen at one o'clock in the afternoon, though a similar spectacle is common enough at the same spot in the evening. No wonder that when Mr. Charles Kean took the chair on the stage, amid the *élite* of actors, painters, and *littérateurs*, the whole assembly, which represented the histrionic profession just as adequately as a congregation in the forum represented the people of Rome, burst into loud acclamations. No wonder that when Mr. Charles Kean tore down the veil of mystery that had hitherto concealed the actor's friend, and proclaimed that his name was Henry Dodd, the thunder of expressed gratitude was overwhelming. No wonder that, when Mr. Charles Kean, after stating that each of the three theatrical funds (the Drury Lane, the Covent Garden, and the General), had promised to build an almshouse a-piece on the ground just bestowed, added, that he intended to build a fourth house at his own expense, the enthusiasm was altogether boundless. Such a chairman was not to be found every day. A chairman, who will give the use of his theatre, make a speech of wondrous eloquence on the claims and sufferings of the persons for whose sake he solicits charitable aid, and finally, take the topmost place on the list of benefactors, such a chairman is a priceless gem, that cannot be overvalued.

In one respect, however, Mr. Charles Kean was rather

hard upon his brother orators. He stated the whole object of the meeting in such comprehensive terms, he proved by such convincing arguments the utility of the actor in promoting the civilisation of mankind, he dwelt so forcibly on the connection between histrionic art and all that is exalted in our literature, he described so pathetically the peculiar woes incidental to theatrical life, and he appealed so fervently and solemnly to the better feelings of his hearers, that he literally left nothing for anybody else to say. If Mr. Chas. Dickens had not bethought himself of a contrast between the meeting held at the Princess's Theatre in the morning and the *Merchant of Venice*, which was to be played in the evening, and if Mr. B. Webster had not with becoming indignation referred to the foul wrong done to his profession in the case of Dulwich College, there would have been no speech to recollect, save the one delivered by Mr. Charles Kean, and the portion of Mr. B. Webster's address, in which that gentleman stated his noble intention of providing from his own estate the stone required for the buildings of the "Dramatic College,"—as the projected almshouses are to be called.

Passing over, then, the particulars of Wednesday's meeting, at which, of course, Mr. Dodd's offer was unanimously accepted, let us record what was the condition of the "Dramatic College" when the several constituents of the assembly retired to their early dinners. A fund had been collected, which, including a donation of one hundred guineas by Mr. Dodd himself, amounted to about £700. Four trustees had been appointed, namely: Mr. C. Kean, Mr. B. Webster, Mr. C. Dickens, and Mr. W. M. Thackeray. And lastly, all who had been present carried in their breasts a strong sympathy for the undertaking, which will spread like wild-fire, and cause the College buildings to spring up like the walls of Thebes at the music of Amphion.

THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

G. F. Anderson, Esq.

(To be continued in our next.)

A NEW OPERA BY MR. BALFE.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have accepted a strange opera from the pen of Mr. Balfe, the *libretto* by the poets of the *Ross of Castille*. This work is to be produced in October at Drury Lane, the future home of the National Opera. Mr. Frank Mori, too, has founded a lyrical structure on an old English subject, relating to the time of Henry VII., upon which hopes are founded. Thirdly, an English version of *Martha*, from the facile pen of Mr. Charles Jefferys, will be one of the novelties. According to rumour, therefore, the odds are two to one in favour of native composers, This is as it should be.

ROSSINI FURTHER SATISFIED.—"The town of Passy," writes the *Ménestrel*, "lately gave an interesting concert on behalf of the poor. The performance consisted of the graceful (*gracieuse*) operetta by M. Galoppe d'Onquaire et Wekerlin, entitled *L'Amour à l'Épée*. Rossini assisted at the representation, and the celebrated *maestro* expressed his satisfaction in terms the most flattering and honourable to the composer." (Of course.)

CANARD.—"Several journals" (says *La Gazette Musicale*) "have stated that M. Meyerbeer has prevented the director of the Opéra-Comique from bringing out a new work, entitled *Les Blancs et les Bleus*, the music by M. Limnander, before the production of M. Meyerbeer's own opera, destined for the same theatre, and the scene of which passes in the same locality. It is almost unnecessary to say that the statement is entirely without foundation." [The idea of Meyerbeer being jealous of M. Limnander is rather too good a joke.—Ed.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The regular season was brought to a termination on Saturday, with *Il Trovatore* and a new ballet *divertissement* entitled *Lucilla*, in which Madlle. Boschetti made her first appearance this year. After the opera the National Anthem was sung by the whole company, Madlle. Tietjens and Mad. Alboni taking the solos, both with remarkable effect.

The season commenced on the 13th of April, and concluded on the 17th of July. When we consider that there were several series of performances after the theatre closed last autumn, and that another "season" is immediately to follow (at reduced prices), the period allotted to the "subscription" will not be found short. Formerly the "season" before Easter, although included in the subscription, was a mere preliminary, in which subscribers had little or no interest. "Reduced prices" are now a necessity of the times, and will, no doubt, in the end become a rule instead of an exception. A guinea for a stall, and a half a guinea for a seat in the pit, must restrict the privilege of attending performances at the Italian Opera to the wealthiest classes. These may support the establishment for eight or ten weeks in the summer; but, if the period is to be extended, the tariff must be lowered, and the support of the general public solicited.

The feature of the season just terminated was the engagement of Madlle. Theresa Tietjens, who, on the opening night, as Valentine in the *Huguenots*—performed, for the first time, at Her Majesty's Theatre—established her claim to be regarded as a singer and an actress of the highest order. This new *prima donna* has created a far greater sensation than any other artist in her particular line since Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli. Madlle. Tietjens, in short, gives us some hope of a legitimate successor to Giulietta Grisi in lyric tragedy—that is, if the "Diva" ever means to repose upon her well-earned laurels. Madlle. Tietjens was equally fortunate as Leonora (*Trovatore*), Donna Anna, and Lucrezia. She also appeared as the Countess in the *Nozze di Figaro*, but with less marked success. The acquisition of such a dramatic singer, however, is of incalculable consequence to the interests of the theatre.

The only absolute novelty of the season (the *Huguenots* being so well-known to London audiences) was Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, an opera which had never attained any high degree of favour, either in Italy or elsewhere. It was necessary, however, that Madlle. Piccolomini should have a new part, and she had played Luisa in one or two theatres on the Continent. Moreover, Signor Giuglini was to be well suited in the hero, while Alboni had consented to assume the most insignificant character in the piece. *Luisa Miller*, nevertheless, was a failure, in spite of the clever acting of Madlle. Piccolomini, the excellent singing of Signor Giuglini, and the perfect art of Alboni.

One of the happiest incidents of the season was Alboni's resumption of the part of Maffeo Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, which she had abandoned for several years. The success of the *brindisi* was greater than ever, and Alboni was compelled to repeat it twice every evening. The other operas in which Alboni appeared were the *Barbiere* (one night only)—Signor Belart being the Count, and Signor Belletti, Figaro, the *Trovatore* (*Azucena*), and *La Zingara* (Queen of the Gipsies).

Signor Giuglini added two new characters to his repertory—Raoul in the *Huguenots*, and Rodolfo in *Luisa Miller*. He lacked the chivalric bearing of the Huguenot leader, but sang much of the music with remarkable effect. His Rodolfo was a highly finished performance.

As usual, Signor Belletti proved himself one of the most useful and industrious members of the establishment. His histrionic talent was occasionally open to criticism, but his singing was always irreproachable.

Madlle. Ortolani did good service as Marguerite in the *Huguenots*, and Elvira in *Don Giovanni*; but as Cherubino in the *Nozze di Figaro* she was hardly so successful. Madlle. Spezia, so much extolled last season, appeared only once—in Verdi's *Nino*, as Abigail. Why only once is a *mystère de coulisses*.

Taking into account the talents of the dancers who successively appeared, little was done for the ballet. The extract from *La Sonnambula*, for Madlle. Pocchini and Madame Rosati, was a

rare treat. With such artists, however, and Mesdames Mario Taglioni and Boschetti added to the list, the splendour of the ballet might be revived. Madlle. Pocchini is now universally acknowledged one of the very first of living dancers. We hardly remember any one achieving so great a reputation in so short a time. M. Durand is an intelligent artist, who thinks of his arms as much as his feet, and can use them both without recalling the posture-master. Since the days of Perrot, Her Majesty's Theatre has possessed no such male dancer. The leading *coryphées* were inferior to those of by-gone times; but this, we suppose, must be attributed to the scarcity of *danseuses* of the second class, or perhaps to the fact that *danseuses* of the second class think themselves entitled to first-class certificates, and will not accept of subordinate appointments. In this, by the way, they but follow the example of their lyric and histrionic contemporaries.

The season, at reduced prices, commenced on Tuesday with the *Huguenots*. On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* was performed, with *Lucilla* for Madlle. Boschetti; and last night, *La Traviata*, with the same *divertissement*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Martha was repeated on Saturday.

On Tuesday *Norma* was given for the first time at the new theatre, and attracted a very large audience. Grisi was *Norma*; Signor Tamberlik, Pollio; Madlle. Marai, Adalgisa; and Signor Tagliafico, Orovoso. The performance on the whole was a very fine one.

Martha was repeated on Thursday.

Don Giovanni will be produced on Thursday—not on Tuesday as at first announced.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.—The first of a series of vocal and instrumental concerts was given on Monday evening in the Music Hall, with the following singers:—Mesdames Persiani, Fumagalli, and Elise Poma, Madlle. Eben, Miss Poole, Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Miss Susannah Cole, Signor Naudin, Signor Dragone, Signor Manfredi, and Mr. Charles Braham, and a band of about one hundred performers, under the direction of Signor Vianesi. The weather was lovely, the gardens were in tolerable order, and the singing was in many respects admirable, so that those who paid a visit to the Royal Surrey Gardens on that evening could not fail to have been pleased. The performances during the week have been well attended and well received. The absence of Mad. Persiani on Thursday evening, however, provoked emphatic interrogations from all parts of the hall, whereupon Mr. E. T. Smith, the manager of the concerts, came forward, and in a voluminous speech accounted satisfactorily for the non-appearance of the "world-renowned" *prima donna*. The audience cheered Mr. E. T. Smith and put faith in his explanation; and Mr. Charles Braham returned to his ballad, in which he had been interrupted, and obtained a vociferous encore.

DEATH OF THE HUSBAND OF CATHERINE HAYES.—Private intelligence from Biarritz (Spain) brings the account of the death there, on the 3rd instant, of W. Evory Bushnell, a distinguished American, who had lately won and wedded the charming cantatrice, Catherine Hayes. He was one of those gifted minds in which the administrative faculty is pre-eminent. Early in life Bushnell was always sought for by contending interests at New York, and his energy worked electrical triumphs. On the arrival of Jenny Lind, his services were eagerly secured, and he bore her triumphantly through the length and breadth of the Union. Catherine Hayes risked failure by feeble and ineffective guidance, when Bushnell, at the forfeiture by her of £3,000, undertook the managership, and, boldly daring, conveyed her successfully from California, Mexico, and Havannah, along Peru, Chili, to Australia, to Calcutta, Manila, through the Indian Archipelago, and finally through her own native land, receiving last October, at St. George's, Hanover-square, her hand in reward. His devotion and anxieties on her account had developed an hereditary tendency, which the south of France failed to arrest. The artistic manager of so many lyric scenes now confides his remains to earth in the English cemetery at Bayonne, with true heart-felt sorrow, in which thousands will sympathise.

[The above curious apostrophe, which we have borrowed from the *Era*, is probably from an American source.—Ed. M. W.]

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE prospectus for this great triennial event has been issued. The Festival commences on Tuesday, August 31st, and will be continued for the three following days. The oratorios for the first three days are the same as in 1855. On Tuesday morning, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; on Wednesday, Mr. Costa's *Eli*; and on Thursday, Handel's *Messiah*. The programme for Friday morning consists of Mr. Henry Leslie's new oratorio, *Sadite*, written expressly for the occasion, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, Beethoven's *Mass in C*.

The miscellaneous concert on Tuesday evening comprises the overtures to the *Siege of Corinth*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Der Freischütz*; Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with selections from operas, &c. The programme for Wednesday evening contains Mozart's Jupiter symphony, Mendelssohn's cantata, "To the sons of art," overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Zampa*, and miscellaneous pieces. On Thursday evening, Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, Mr. Costa's serenata, composed for the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal, and the overtures to the *Alchymist* and *Euryanthe*, constitute the special *morceaux*.

The principal vocalists are Mad. Clara Novello, Mad. Alboni, Madlle. Victoire Balle, Mad. Castellan, Mad. Viardot Garcia, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss, Signors Tamberlik, Ronconi, and Belletti. Mr. Costa is the conductor, and Mr. Stimpson presides at the organ.

On Friday evening a full dress ball will terminate the Festival.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE one hundred and thirty-fifth meeting of the three choirs, Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, comes off at Hereford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, August 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th.

At the service on Tuesday, the following musical pieces will be introduced:—Overture, *Last Judgment*—Spohr; Proses, Responses, and Chant *La Venite*—Tallis; Psalms—Chant—G. Townsend Smith; Grand Dettingen to Deum—Handel; Jubilate—G. Townsend Smith; Anthem, from *Last Judgment*—Spohr; Psalm XLII—Mendelssohn; Anthem, "The Lord is the true God"—Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ousley, Bart. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Archdeacon Waring. On Wednesday morning, Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah*, is to be given; on Thursday morning, a selection from Mendelssohn's *Athaliah*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Haydn's oratorio, the *Creation*. On Friday morning, according to invariable custom, the *Messiah*.

The evening concert, as heretofore, will be held in the Shire Hall. The programme of Tuesday evening, among other less important pieces, contains the *Jupiter Symphony* of Mozart, selections from *La Clemenza di Tito*, and the overture to *Guillaume Tell*.

Wednesday evening, will bring the overtures to *Oberon* and *Zampa*, and selections from *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Thursday evening a selection from Rossini's *Semiramide*, including the overture, and Beethoven's symphony in C minor.

On Friday night a dress ball at the Shire Hall will bring the Festival to a close.

The principal vocalists comprise Mesdames Clara Novello, Weiss, Clare Hepworth, and Viardot; Misses Louisa Vining and Lascelles; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, T. Barnby, Thomas and Weiss; Conductor, Mr. G. Townsend Smith, organist of the Cathedral.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—(Communicated).—The reduced price performances have been pre-eminently successful, and on each night money has been refused at the doors; but the engagement of Madlle. Titiens at Vienna, and the rest of the company at Dublin, will scarcely allow the performances to be extended beyond another week.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

WE perceive (says *The Leeds Times*) that the Festival Committee have extended their list of principal vocalists by the addition of some Yorkshire artists, a befitting compliment to the recognised talent of the West Riding. Misses Whitham, Helena Walker, and Crossland, Messrs. Ingersall and Hinchcliffe, are engaged. A judicious alteration has been made in the programme of one of the morning performances. Instead of the whole of Haydn's *Seasons*, as at first decided, the first and best portion only will be performed, and the rest of the programme comprises Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. Professor Bennett's cantata, entitled *May Queen*, is to be performed for the first time on the first festival day, and the curiosity of musical men is rife as to the success of this choral work of one of England's best musicians. The patrons' list comprises the names of about fifty of the nobility and gentry of the West Riding, many of whom have expressed their intention of being present at the festival. The Duke of Cambridge has also become a patron. The festival conductor has, we understand, made arrangements for visiting Leeds on the 28th, when the chorus singers from Bradford, Halifax, Dewsbury, and our own town, to the number of about 150, will assemble for a rehearsal in the Leeds Music Hall. During this week a large number of applications for serial festival tickets has been received at the committee-rooms.

Subjoined is an outline of the programme for the week:

TUESDAY MORNING: *Elijah*—Mendelssohn. WEDNESDAY MORNING: The *Seasons* (Spring and Summer)—Haydn. Organ Performance. *Israel in Egypt* (with the Organ accompaniments by Mendelssohn)—Handel. THURSDAY MORNING: *Stabat Mater*—Rossini. Selections from the "Passions Musik" (According to the text of *St. Matthew*)—J. Sebastian Bach. Organ performance. Mount of Olives (Engedi)—Beethoven. FRIDAY MORNING: *Messiah* (with Mozart's accompaniments)—Handel.

TUESDAY EVENING—Miscellaneous Concert; Symphony (C major)—Mozart. Selections from operas, choral pieces, &c. Concerto, Pianoforte (G. Minor), Miss Arabella Goddard—Mendelssohn. Selections from operas, &c. Overture (Tempest)—Hattton. A Pastoral, "The May Queen," M.S. (the poetry by Henry F. Chorley, Esq.)—W. Sterndale Bennett. Solo, Violin. Selections from operas, &c. Overture (Jessonda)—Spohr.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.—Overture (Zauberflöte)—Mozart. Selections from operas, &c. Caprice, pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, Miss Arabella Goddard—Bennett. Selections from operas, &c. Symphony—the Scotch (A Minor) Mendelssohn. Overture (en Suite)—J. Seb. Bach. Selections from operas, &c. Solo, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Selections, &c. Overture (Oberon)—Weber.

THURSDAY EVENING.—A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.—Symphony ()—Beethoven. Selections from operas, &c. Concert Stück, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard—Weber. Selections from operas, &c. Overture (Isles of Fingal)—Mendelssohn. Overture (Guillaume Tell)—Rossini. Selections from operas, &c. Septett, by the Principal Orchestral Performers—Beethoven. Selections, &c. Fantasia, pianoforte. Overture (Jubilee)—Weber.

Professor Bennett deserves credit for this programme, which is noticeable for the variety no less than the excellence of the pieces.

M. ANDREAS RENDEL, chapel-master at Stockholm, and author of several musical compositions of merit has arrived in Paris. An ancient pupil of the Conservatory of Paris, he has been instructed to co-operate in the re-organisation of the Conservatory at Stockholm, for which purpose he intends visiting Brussels, Leipsic, and Prague.

HANDEL AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.—An original likeness of the composer of the *Messiah* (set in a brooch), and an authentic letter of the author of "Waverley" to his publisher, Mr. Ballantyne, may be seen by any one visiting the "Yorkshire Grey," Hart-street, Bloomsbury, now kept by Mrs. Lee (better known as Miss Martin, the once popular favourite of the Royal Surrey Theatre), who is always at home to receive those friends who may honour her with a visit to enjoy a pleasant chat over the fortunes of *Poll and My Partner Joe*.

ST. JAMES'S, WESTMINSTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE usual annual *Mte* of the choir of the parish church of St. James's, Piccadilly, held at the expense of a few of the members of the congregation, came off on the 12th instant, at the High-bury Park Tavern, when (inclusive of visitors) upwards of seventy ladies and gentlemen mustered at an early hour, with a view to a long day's amusement. At two o'clock dinner was served in the long room, the Rev. John Edward Kempe, rector of the parish, in the chair, supported by the present churchwardens, Messrs. Rice and Harrison, by Mr. Fisher, a retired tradesman of the parish, first promoter of the choir, and Mr. Frederick Crane, ex-churchwarden, its more permanent establisher. Dinner over and the cloth removed, the following little programme was gone through, Mr. Burrowes, organist, presiding at the pianoforte:—

Toast 1, The Queen. "National Anthem." Toast 2, The President and Patrons. Chorus, "Now pray we for our country." Flowers. Toast 3, The Vice-President. Duet, "Oh wert thou in the cauld blast," Mendelssohn. Toast 4, The Churchwardens. Glee, "Hark the lark," Cooke. Toast 5, The Treasurer. Part-song, "The Nightingale," Mendelssohn. Toast 6, The Organist. Song and Chorus, "Beautiful star," Forster. Toast 7, The Master of the Choir. Two-part Song, "The May-bells," Mendelssohn. Toast 8, The Secretary and Choir. Part song, "All among the barley," Stirling. Toast 9, The Ladies. Glee, "Here's a health to all good lasses." Toast 10, The Visitors. Glee, "Come let us all a maying go," Atterbury.

After tea the party adjourned to the garden, the fine weather contributing greatly to the enjoyment of the scene. Dancing commenced on the green sward to Sanders's Quadrille Band (father and four sons); at night-fall, repairing back to the long room, the dance was there resumed, finally finishing, at a little after midnight, a delightful day's entertainment.

The choir of St James's Church—consisting of somewhat over 30 amateur vocalists, young ladies, men, and boys, in about equal numbers—is kept together more through the interest attaching to a friendly weekly meeting, held in the parish Offertory School-room—at which, as well as the rehearsal of the Church's music, the practice of choral compositions of the higher order is introduced—than with any view to individual pecuniary remuneration, since the entire amount received for choir purposes, exclusive of organist, consists of a grant of £50 per annum from the Church funds. These practices, ably and agreeably conducted by the choir master, Mr. J. T. Martin, in conjunction with Mr. Burrowes, the organist, has brought this little band to a degree of choral efficiency equal to the complete mastery of compositions of the most intricate texture. Yet this advanced skill has not been found, in the least degree, to diminish the interest felt by all, in the practice of the more simple music, plain metrical psalmody, and the chant, the only music admissible in the services at St. James's: the rendering of which, in the most harmonious manner, so as to draw the voices of the congregation into the strain, being regarded as the primary purpose for which they are associated.

SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHPLACE.—The late Mr. John Shakspeare, who died recently at Langley Priory, Leicestershire, has bequeathed by his will the sum of £2,500, to carry out the work set on foot by him during his life-time (when he gave a similar sum in aid of a public subscription), of restoring the birthplace of Shakspeare, at Stratford-on-Avon, to the condition in which it was during the life-time of the poet. He has also bequeathed a sum of £60 a year in perpetuity in furtherance of the same object.—*Era*.

THEATRE ITALIEN AT PARIS.—The engagements entered into by M. Calzado for the approaching season comprise—MM. Mario,* Tamberlik, Galvani, and Graziani (brother of the barytone) tenors; MM. Graziani and Corsi, barytones; MM. Zucchini and Angelini, basses; Mesdames Grisi, Alboni, Penco, and Rosa de Ruda, sopranos; and Mad. Nantier-Didiée, contralto.

* Sig. Mario has not yet signed.—Ed. M. W.

BADEN-BADEN.—It is the fashion, at present, to talk a great deal about closing the gaming-houses situated on the banks of the Rhine. It is not for us to defend them in a moral point of view; but when the profits are turned to such a noble account—to a brilliant patronage of the arts, as they are by the directors of the establishment at Baden, it must be confessed these houses have their good points. In addition to the concerts, where we hear every week the most celebrated artists in Europe, we have a very excellent and complete orchestra, under the direction of M. Eychler. This is capable of performing in operas. For some years M. Benazet has had a new opera, *libretto* and music, composed expressly for Baden, and the best singers of Paris have come expressly to execute it. We shall have two this year; the first was performed yesterday evening before a chosen audience, including the King of Wurtemberg, the Prince of Prussia, and the Grand-Duchess Helena of Russia, not to mention princes and dukes. The magnificent theatre in the Louis XV. style, hung with cerise-coloured silk, with a curtain of the same material, was resplendent with lights; we counted more than fifteen hundred tapers, the effect of which was marvellous. *Le Moulin du Roi*, words by M. Leuven, and music by Adrien Boieldieu, is the title of the last opera—MM. Monjanze, and Meillet; Mesdames Miolan, Meillet, and Fairve, being the principal singers.—*France Musicale*.

SI NON VERO BEN TROVATO.—"Rubinstein's success during his sojourn last year in the city on the banks of the Thames" (says the *Berliner Musik-Zeitung*) "was most decided, but his appearance this year at Ella's concerts assumed the character of one of Alexander's victorious campaigns. It is a remarkable fact, in connection with this, that, while the English papers did not in the least pave the way for him in public opinion—as the saying is—and, more especially denied, in the most decided manner, his talent for composition, the public itself took a great liking to his works, with which it was greatly moved. The following episode is a proof of this. When Herr Rubinstein was engaged, last year, after his brilliant Parisian success, by Ella, the well-known director of the Classical Concerts, the *Musical World*, and more particularly the *Times*, John Bull's oracle, formally warned people against Rubinstein's compositions, and threw Mr. Ella, who, by the way, is said not to possess one of the strongest natures possible, in no small state of anxiety. The time came for settling the programme. Rubinstein was bent upon playing some of his own compositions at his first appearance. Ella entreated him to select classical music for the first concert, and promised that, for the second, he should do as he chose. Rubinstein, however, insisted on having his way, without which, he stated, he would not play, but offered to comply with Ella's wishes for the second concert. Ella was obliged to put a good face on the matter, and looked forward to the result with anxious resignation. But Rubinstein's creative muse—he played his concerto, and B flat major trio—achieved a perfect triumph. After the concert, Rubinstein went up to Ella and said:—'Now my dear Sir, it is your turn to settle the programme; what shall I play at the second concert?' 'My very dear Sir,' was the reply, 'if you would do me a favour, do not play anything but your concerto and the B flat trio.' [A capital anecdote! What a pity that not a word of it should be true! The *Berliner Musik-zeitung* has been humbugged into giving circulation to a canard. So great a musical authority ought to be aware that the concerts of "Ella" of the "not strong nature," are quartet concerts; that there is no orchestra, and that consequently, Herr Rubinstein could have played no concerto.—Ed. M. W.]

A STRETCH OF COURTESY.—"The *morceaux* contained in the nicely selected programme (of Miss Buckingham's concert), well-known to most musical persons, demand no great strength of criticism. It may be safely stated that the Royal Academy of Music scarcely ever produced a mediocre instrumentalist. Miss Buckingham is a promising pianist; young in years, and well schooled, she only requires that vigour which experience and practice alone can confer; *verve*, the more precious attribute, she appears already to possess."—*Morning Advertiser*.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—On Thursday evening, Mr. C. Dickens brought to a conclusion his first series of metropolitan readings.

HERR FORMES AND HERR THALBERG have been suddenly stopped in their Western concert tours; the basso by an attack of bronchitis, which has led him to seek repose and cure at Dr. Munde's Water Cure establishment near Northampton, Mass. The pianist is called home by private circumstances to Europe. —*Dwight's Boston Journal of Music.*

A MUSICAL SOLDIER.—This term may appear somewhat singular, as in the carnage of the battle-field the influence of music is supposed to have but little effect on the feelings of the excited combatants, but when we realise that many of the charges are made at the sound of the trumpet, and the signal for retreat also is given by the same instrument, the importance of a knowledge of musical sounds is at once understood. To be a brave soldier does not require a musical ear, but to be a well-disciplined soldier, this is absolutely necessary. The marches and counter marches, the attacks and retreats, and in some regiments the entire evolutions, are performed by a musical signal, as the tap of the drum or the sound of the bugle. But more especially is this musical ear necessary in the movement of troops by marches, where perfect motion and a uniform step through the entire line is absolutely necessary. This requires time as well as tune, and unless the ear correctly appreciates both there will be disorder and confusion. One unmusical soldier will break up an entire line, and one false step will disarrange a whole platoon. An easy, graceful carriage can be readily acquired by keeping step with the music, and much of the fatigue incident to the march of the soldier is relieved by the spirit-stirring strains of a fine military band. An un-musical soldier, officer or private, can very readily be detected in the marching of the column, and many are the missteps and mishaps arising from this cause when in motion. The heavy tramp of a thousand feet in perfect time, on the solid earth, is music of itself, and the regular movement of the solid columns is graceful in the extreme. We can well imagine the pride of a Napoleon or a Wellington as they surveyed the thoroughly disciplined troops under their command, drawn up in the order of battle, and we can also imagine the sorrow with which they surveyed the dead and wounded after one of those terrible engagements in which they were so often prominent. In the history and progress of our race, war, with its tide of desolation and death, has rolled itself over the fairest portions of our earth, and even up to this period in the nineteenth century, with all the advancement in civilisation, nations, for slight provocations, are ready to "let slip" this scourge to curse the world. When will the happy time arrive, so ardently longed for, when "Swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and nations learn war no more."—*New York Musical World.*

PARIS.—A new ballet-pantomime, in two acts, called *Pacoun-tala*, has been produced at the Grand-Opéra, with great splendour and success. The story is taken from an old Indian drama by M. Théophile Gautier. The music is by M. Ernest Reyer, composer of *Sélin* and *Maître Wolftram*. The dancing and acting of Madlle Amalia Ferraris, who sustains the principal part, is highly praised.

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